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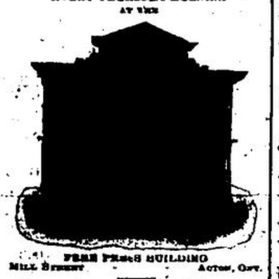

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English office, 30 Fleet Street, London, E. C., where Messrs. R. and J. Hardy & Co. will receive for us subscriptions and advertisements, and where Canadians can, free of charge, see our paper when in England.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

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for now he is solving and enjoying a yearly salary of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.
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20 Years Experience
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PROMPT ATTENTION
ESTIMATES FREE

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GEORGETOWN, ONT.
BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED PAPERS.
JNO. R. BARBER

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Granite and Marble Dealers
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GUARANTEE
THE BOND HARDWARE CO.,
Guelph Agents.
Gentlemen —
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Yours very truly,
THE MARTIN SENOUR CO.,
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At Reasonable Prices
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AND
BUS LINE
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Pianos, Organs, all small Musical Instruments, Gramophones, Phonographs and an immense stock of records, sheet music and music books of all kinds at Toronto prices.
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Winter Footwear
BOOTS & SHOES
We have a full stock of Winter weight Boots and Shoes for Men, Women and Children in all the newest shapes; also a splendid line of Men's Waterproof Shoes.
RUBBERS
Our stock of these goods is very complete, including Rubbers, Wool Lined Rubbers, Overshoes and Rubber Boots.
Let Us Supply Your Winter Footwear Needs.
W. WILLIAMS
Mill Street Acton.

Poetry.

SPRING IS COMING

Rain a-pourin' from de skies,
Grass a-peepin' out,
Groun'-hog rubbin' of his eyes
Seein' what's about.
Robin pullin' at de worm
Stickin' in the ground,
Li'l snake 'gin to squirm
Whar he can't be found.
Lark a settin' on de limb
Tunin' up his voice,
Sassy crow a-mockin' him,
Itchin' to rejoice.
Jay a-sighin' for a mate,
Lookin kind o' blue,
"Ain't no time to hesitate,
Mates am getting few."
Hyar dat ol' hen 'gin to squawk
Like she's feeling sick,
One eye lookin' fo' a hawk,
D' odder on her chick.
Heifer lowin' by the brook,
Talkin' to de trout,
Tellin' him about the hook
Dat'll yank him out.
Sun a-pokin' from de sky
Peekin' kind o' hazy,
If I had to work I'd die,
N'gger 's feelin' lazy.
Chicken boilin' in de pot,
Hyar ol' mammy sing;
Soon I'll hab him steamin' hot—
Bless de Lawd fo' spring.
—Herbert Flamsburgh.

Select Family Reading

Sunshine and Shadow

By A. Gertrude Jackson

THE last book lay in the desk, and the echo of the last footstep died away in the corridor. The slight figure of the teacher in Division Three remained motionless, leaning over the broad stone sill, and her eyes were fixed on the wooded hills, silhouetted against the sky. The sun poured a golden light upon the uplands and the shadows of the newly bursted buds danced playfully on the slopes. Enid Eastman longed for the solemn stillness of the woods, its inexpressible calm—but between lay the valley of the shadowy city, with its rush and noise and smoke.

"It's just like life," she mused soberly. "There are the ideals, so satisfying, so full of joy and beauty, but between them and us lies the gloomy uphill valley of duty. Just like my life—here I am wasting the best years of it teaching that two and two are four, while I long for things unobtainable."

A brisk step in the hall roused her from her reverie, and she walked to the door to see Dr. Mercer, one of the trustees.

"You are the very girl I came to see," he said. "We had our meeting last night. What's the meaning of your resignation coming on us this way?"

"I am not going to teach any more," she replied. "I gave that as my reason in my letter. There is no other."

"Tut and nonsense," cried the doctor irritably. "That's no reason. What's your grudge against the profession?"

His tone nettled the girl. She raised her head somewhat haughtily, and her clear grey eyes were cold and steady.

"I'm tired of it," she said wearily, "so tired of working and working with no results."

"No results!" he interrupted. "Well I'd like to know what you mean. Don't your pupils pass well enough?"

"Oh, yes, but you don't understand."

"Pray enlighten me," he interposed, drily.

"Well," she returned defiantly, "we're mere automatons, and the progress of the present century is toward making a factory of the school, whence knowledge and power shall evolve, and the personal element be ground out. Beyond pouring in the required amount, what have I accomplished in these years of teaching? Who has gone out from my room the better for having known me? That is what counts to me. We are so bound by rials and red tape that we find only time to cram, cram, cram, as a fireman feeds his engine. There is such opportunity, yet I cannot grasp it, lest I lose a lesson or overrun a period. I tell you, Dr. Mercer, I've tried and tried and it's no use. If I could see one thing, one little good—"

"Upon my word, you're a wonder at the lecture," grinned the doctor, taunt-ingly, "but it reminds me too forcibly of my own school days. But don't look at it this way—and his voice became earnest—"think of the silent influence you have. Everyone knows you're the model conscientious soul living, and you can't expect to see results in this world."

"I know," said Enid, "but look here at the view from this window; see the sunny hills and dingy city. I am living in the shadow, and longing for the sunshine."

"But where is the sunshine more needed, for the beautiful solitude out there, or for the mass of humanity in the valley?"

A faint smile crept over the girl's mobile lips, but she shook her head.

"So, because you seek sunshine yourself, you are going to take away what brightness you have from the dark, shadowy corners so badly in need of light?"

"But I'm not giving sunshine to anyone, here, anyway," she said slowly.

"How do you know? I'll give you a chance to carry a bit of life into a small corner. Do you know a little Sinuus boy—Harry, I guess his name is?"

"Yes, he was in my room two years ago. He is a very nice boy, but so sensitively organized that he lives in a world of his own."

"Hai-n-n. Don't know anything of that. He's the General. Slipped under the car at Aberdeen Avenue last Thursday, and we had to amputa the leg. He's the unhappiest, sourest boy in Wando to-day. In fact, he won't recover as things are going now."

"Oh!" said Enid, and the word was the expression of infinite pain.

The doctor brightened at the tone and he went on hurriedly: "If you're any means of cheering him, you're the person I've been hunting four days. His father is dead, and his mother will—" "—is a nervous, hysterical woman, who nearly drives him wild," finished Enid, putting on her hat.

"Exactly. I came in the auto. How'd you like to go up there now for a few minutes, Miss Eastman?"

"Yes, I'll go," replied Enid, "but I don't know whether I can be of any use or not. There now, I'm ready."

The doctor stirred himself for his habitual terse manner, and strove to interest her in conversation as they swept through the busy streets, but her answers were in monosyllables till they reached the hospital gates; then she turned to him suddenly and the words came in a torrent.

"I've read of things like this, and I've heard of them, but they were remote and I did not dream they could reach me. How can I bring cheer to him? It would be mockery to speak of such a thing? Oh, what can I say? What in the world can I say?

Dr. Mercer looked at her in amazement, and his voice was very sharp as he said, "I am but giving you the chance you craved."

For a moment her face was a study. Then her eyes sought the shadows fringing the dark hills, and when she turned again, her features bore the reflection of the calm and strength of the hills. The man of the world nodded silent commendation, and was satisfied.

In silence they entered that long room so full of pain and sorrow. The ward was almost full, but Enid saw the boy at once. He was lying with closed eyes, and the dark hair lay in close, damp strands across his brow. The doctor motioned her forward, and she dropped on her knees beside him and laid one cool hand lovingly on his pale forehead.

"Harry," she said softly, and her lips touched the brown hand on the cover.

He turned two brilliant, fever-lit eyes full upon her. For a moment there was no recognition in those agonized, despairing depths; then a sudden smile, faint and forced, flitted across the twitching lips.

She drew her hand gently down over the burning eyes, and her voice clear and sweet, fell like the notes of a guitar, low and vibrant with sympathy.

"Listen to me, dear. I must tell you of the things you love, since you cannot go just yet to see them—the woods, the birds, the flowers. But soon, very soon, you and I will both be free, and go together out of the hurry and worry."

"I can't go," suddenly said the boy, hoarsely. "I've only got one leg. Didn't he tell you?"

She smiled down into the despairing face, and the tremulous sweetness of her voice penetrated to the farthest end of the ward, so quiet became the room.

"I know, Harry boy. But that doesn't matter. We will surely go. Did you ever know me to break my word? Wait! You must see the sunshine."

The doctor flung open the shutters and the brilliant rays poured in from a sea of crimson and gold, flooding the room with their glory, and casting ruddy tints upon the pallid faces on the pillows. The boy gasped and for an instant the brightness blinded him; then the rebellion, the hopelessness faded from his eyes, and a look of rapt pleasure filled them. One long, lingering look, then he submitted quietly to the lowered pillow. The shutters were drawn again, and the subdued eastern light fell salant the bed once more.

A nurse came up with a glass of medicine in her hand and the boy turned away his head. Enid leaned over, and her voice was bright and confident.

"You'll take this now, dear, and then I want to tell you a story."

"I bet," he replied boyishly, "it's a real one."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the doctor laughingly, himself putting the glass to the boy's lips. "Likely a war story, and they're no good unless they are true."

"Not a war story," whispered Harry to the girl. "Just one about an animal, or the woods, or somethin' like that sort."

Enid smiled; closed his eyes with her hand and the story began. From her knowledge of the boy the teacher knew what would please him most, and she wove into her story descriptions of the beauty of the woods, the scent and sound of the gentle wind, the rustlesty of the trees, and the shadows that played around as the sunshine stirred through the foliage.

Her voice gradually drifted into a low chant, and she paused to lift her hand from the boy's brow. Her eyes questioned the doctor. He nodded and said in an undertone: "You can stop. He's asleep, though the dear knows how that kind of a story could touch a boy."

Enid smiled. "Perhaps he was so bored he want to sleep, like Mr. Thomas in church."

He turned back when they reached the door, to take a last look. There was a smile on the parted lips of the boy.

The weeks passed quietly and the school doors closed; and the hospital opened to release a little lad who swung along on his crutches with wonderful speed. And if you frequented their haunts you would often see them—the girl with the smiling eyes and the little lame boy—in the woods, on the hill or in the park where the troops of merry children rolled and ran, and chased madly along the well-kept walks after gaudy butterflies.

Many wondered at the companionship of the two, and one woman undertook to censure Enid for the profligate use of precious hours, which she should have spent in better ways. But the smile only deepened in the eyes of the little teacher, and she stooped to pick a daisy from the grass.

"Is the sun wasting energy upon this because it is small?" she asked gently, and turned back into the house for a lens and needle.

"He is so fond of flowers," she murmured apologetically, and waved her hand to the woman and her mother as she departed.

"It's a ridiculous whim," said the critic vehemently. "I wonder you allow her to do it. She's just spoiling that brat of a boy. He always was a sulky, cross youngster anyway."

Mrs. Eastman laughed. "You can't manage a girl when she is a woman, and moreover, I haven't seen Enid so happy for months. She finds Harry a very lovable boy, with some of the sweetest, most original thoughts you could imagine."

At the foot of the hill Enid met the doctor coming from the home of Harry Simms.

"Good afternoon. How do you find my boy?" she called gaily.

Dr. Mercer paused and eyed her whimsically.

"Fine little chap," he said slowly.

"He's a great soul, that boy, and you've certainly developed it as a gardener would a rare rose. Beats me how you know how to reach him. He is much like a girl in his temperament."

"Perhaps that accounts for it," she returned archly. Then she sobered suddenly, as she added very softly. "That, and the sorrow of it all. I've been learning myself these weeks."

"I see," nodded the doctor sagely. "It seems to me we've all been doing that. But, to resume an old tale, how about school? Must we get a teacher in your place? Do you still feel that you are in a sphere where it is impossible to give any uplift to humanity?"

"That sounds like sarcasm," she said quietly. "I can scarcely believe that I ever referred to teaching in that way. And anyway, I want to teach again. I guess I was selfish. I wished to go to the sunshine instead of bringing it to me, where others might share. It's not the place that counts after all, but the willingness to see and grasp opportunities."

A rarely sweet smile flitted across the doctor's keen face.

"You're a good girl, Miss Eastman. I think you'll find happiness as well as opportunity. When you get discouraged, look at the little lad yonder. You've begun a career for him or I'm very much mistaken."

Then he turned hastily in his usual abrupt way and was gone; but Enid stood still till the click of a crutch on the granolithic walk drew her attention.

The lad came toward her smiling, and he waved his arm in the direction of the hills.

"Did you ever see such shadows as there are in the water to-day?" he cried eagerly.

"Never," replied Enid, laughing at his excitement, "but then, you know, the shadows are a setting for the sunshine. We wouldn't appreciate the brightness if there were no shadows."

They watched the mirrored hills in the river for a moment in silence; then the boy sighed contentedly.

"I'm so glad," he said happily, "that there's more sunshine than shadow, anyhow."

And Enid, listening, felt the warmth of the sunshine in her heart.

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE

The two little daughters in this home were as unlike as it is possible for sisters to be. Helen was a quiet, delicate, thoughtful, conscientious child; while her sister two years younger, was a gay, romping, healthy, careless child, loving and lovable. The parents and friends injudiciously remarked about their characteristics before the children, until Ruth felt it was her disposition to be careless and that she could not help it. On the other hand Helen heard so often that everyone could depend upon her that she prided herself upon this quality. She was a careful little student, a painstaking helper in the household duties and a perfect little mother to the baby of the family.

Without knowing it the mother grew to putting extra duties upon Helen in the way of looking after her sister, and the conscientious child did her best without complaint. If Ruth were to bring home a book from school, to wear her rubbers, to do an errand, to perform some little duty at home—in short, to do what children are expected to do in their daily life—Helen must see that her sister did it! She must not only remember for herself, but for her careless sister as well.

At last a severe illness reduced Helen to a mere shadow, and the mother for the first time realized what she had been doing. In her delirium Ruth constantly said: "Ruth, you must wear your rubbers to-day. Mamma said so. Ruth, you must remember to feed Fido. Ruth, don't forget to study your spelling." And so through the endless list of cautions and directions until her mother's heart ached. The child finally came slowly back to life, and even to this day has the worried, fretful disposition developed by years of overwork in the way of responsibility. The mother is making every effort to remedy the mistake, and is thankful that she learned her lesson before it was too late.—Hilda Richmond.

CAREFUL OF APPEARANCE

Mrs. De Style—Maria, I shall take one of the children to church.

The Maid—Yes'm.

Mrs. De Style—Which one will go best with my new purple gown?

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items From Our Issue of Thursday, April 21st, 1892.

Mr. Joseph McClure is about to build a new dwelling on the corner of Church and Wilbur Streets.

In taking down the stove if any soot should fall on the carpet or rug cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping and not a mark will be left.

In making repairs at the house of Mr. John McGrail last week, Mr. Arch. McNabb had the misfortune to have a cornice over the front door fall upon him, breaking his right collar bone.

The third department of the public school will be held in the town hall until the new school is completed.

The Normal Class which meets every Friday evening in Knox Church is creating considerable interest. Prof. Hamill's "Legion of Honor" series of Normal Lessons is the text book used. Twenty-six names are already on the roll.

A checker match on Wednesday evening created lots of fun for some of the more experienced spectators and helped a considerable crowd to put in a pleasant evening. The score:

	West	Draw	East	
W. A. Harvey	2	1	3	F. M. Worden
A. Johnston, jr.	1	1	0	Jas. Holmes
R. McLaughlin	1	1	2	R. H. Guthrie
R. Bateson, L.D.S.	1	0	2	A. E. Nicklin
C. Trotter	0	1	3	H. P. Henderson
C. V. Stafford	2	0	2	C. Hatham
H. McIntyre	0	0	4	J. F. Worden

Acton and Guelph gun clubs had a match here on Friday which resulted in favor of the visitors by 18 points. The Acton shooters were: J. J. Pearson, C. C. Speight, John Harvey, W. Jeans, T. J. Moore, E. Nicklin, W. Stark, Dr. Lowry, C. Quittner, M. Smither.

Mr. C. C. Henderson was home from Toronto University for Easter.

Mr. Thomas McGladdery, of Fergus, spent a few days this week with friends here.

The Misses Henderson, of Milton, and Miss Lena Dorland, of Ash, were guests at the home of D. Henderson, M. P., this week.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, former Premier of Canada, died in Toronto on April 17th. Though suffering from gradual paresis for more than ten years it was only recently that his condition caused special alarm. His already dulled senses had gradually grown weaker until he had been reduced to almost a living corpse.

BORN

FERGUSON—In Milton, on April 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fergus, a son.

MARRIED

DOBBIE SCOTT—At the residence of the bride's parents, on April 13th, by Rev. Joseph Edgar, Alex. Dobbie, to Hettie Scott, daughter of William Scott, all of Esquesing.

CHAMBERLAIN-BURY—At the residence of the bride's parents, on April 13th, by Rev. Joseph Edgar, John Chamberlain, to Emily Tavener Burt, daughter of James Scott, all of Esquesing.

DIED

THOMAS—In Nassagaweya, on April 17th, George H. Thomas, dentist, aged 36 years.

LAIRD—In Acton, on April 17th, Alexander Laird, aged 67 years and 11 months.

GIVEN—In Fergus, on April 16th, the infant son of Rev. Dr. Given, aged 10 months.

JOHNSON—In Acton, on April 17th, Jennet, daughter of Angus Johnson, aged 9 years and 5 months.

HORSE POWER DEFINED

In connection with the steamship propulsion the average man is apt to speak very glibly of so many hundred of horse power. But it is extremely doubtful if one person in a hundred really has a due appreciation of what the phrase actually means. On this point some very interesting remarks are made by a Glasgow engineer-surveyor.

He said that by calculating the strength of 12 men to be equal to one horse power it would require 840,000 men to produce as much energy as the 70,000 horse-power developed by the turbine machinery of the express Cunarder Lusitania.

Then if the men were to work on the eight-hour day system these figures would give a total of 1,510,000, that being the number of men whose strength would be necessary to drive the vessel across the Atlantic. So it would take all the men in Scotland to supply the energy product all the day round by the wonderful turbine machinery of this great ship.

E. J. Hassard has a Preparation That will Grow Hair Abundantly

This is an age of new discoveries. To grow hair after it has fallen out today is a reality.

SALVIA, the Great Hair Tonic and Dressing, will positively create a new growth of hair.

If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural colour. The greatest Hair Vigor known.

SALVIA is compounded by expert chemists.

Watch your hair if it is falling out. If you don't you will sooner or later be bald.

SALVIA prevents baldness by fastening the hair to the roots.

Ladies will find SALVIA just the hair dressing they are looking for. It makes the hair soft and fluffy and is not sticky. A large bottle, 50c.

ACADEMY INCIDENT

A good story is related of Mr. Marcus Stone, who, by the way, has exhibited in fifty consecutive exhibitions of the R. A. The incident took place at the time Mr. Stone's picture "Married" was being exhibited at the Academy. It is a very beautiful work and caused a good deal of attention.

"Well," remarked a visitor to a friend regarding the canvas critically, "Marcus Stone has married his charming young couple at last," referring, of course, to the last of the various stages of love which the artist has from time to time depicted on the canvas. "I wonder what his next subject will be," he added.

"Oh," replied the other merrily, "we may possibly have the children at next year's Academy."

THE LEAPY SPRING

I love the pleasant spring,
When buds begin to push,
And flowers their sweetness bring,
To hang on every bush.
Till stores of May, with snowy blooms,
Fill the fresh hedgerows with perfume.

Above the garden beds,
Watched well by lady's eye,
Snowdrops with milky heads,
Peep to the soft azure sky.
And welcome crocuses shoot up,
With gilded spike and golden cup.

On pasture wide and green,
Upon a thousand stems,
Fit for a fairy queen,
To wear for precious gems.
Young cowslips smile at earth and sky
With sweetest breath and golden eye.

And where the banks are wet,
With drops of morning dew,
The gentle violet,
Steals out, in hood of blue;
And primroses in clusters rise,
Like pretty, pale-faced families.

MOTHER GOOSE

That was her real name and not a fictitious one, as many people believe.

Elizabeth Foster was born in Charlestown, Mass., a town near Boston, in 1665. Her family being Puritans, she was reared, as other little maidens then were, "to be industrious." She was also taught to cook, sew and spin. On Sunday she went to the meeting house and sat demurely quiet through the long sermon, and on week days went to the free school and learned to read, write and count.

Little Elizabeth was, nevertheless, a mirth-loving child and greatly beloved by her playmates.

History does not tell us how early she began to produce her little rhymes. At the age of twenty-seven she was wooed by a widower named Isaac Goose, who had ten little motherless goslings. Her family, and indeed Elizabeth herself, opposed the match, but at length her kind heart was softened by the pitiful plight of Father Goose and his little goslings, and she finally married him.

Then six children of her own were added to the number making sixteen in all. No wonder poor Mother Goose tells us that "she had so many children she didn't know what to do."

She probably sang them to sleep at night to "Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top," or by "Bye-o, Baby Bunting father's gone a-hunting," and on wash days to "Rub-a-dub-dub, three maids in a tub."

When Joshua and Gillian took the pails and went to the top of the hill behind the house for water and disaster befell them, she probably made them laugh, even while the tears stood in their eyes, and they were being plastered up with vinegar and brown paper, by singing "Jack and Jill went up the hill."

She also put into rhymes the tragedies that occurred in the neighborhood telling of the children that were drowned, "Sliding on the ice upon a summer's day," and about the poor pussy that the naughty Johnny Green put in the well.

But finally the flock were all scattered. Father Goose departed his life, and poor Mother Goose was left all alone. Then her favorite daughter, Elizabeth, who had married Thomas Fleet, a printer, prevailed upon her to make her home henceforth with them, and to this fortunate circumstance we owe it that thousands of children all over this land have been made happy by her simple little jingles.

Dear, merry Mother Goose thus came to live among another flock of little ones in Pudding Lane, Boston.

Thomas Fleet had a printing office of his own, and to his wise head came the thought that if his own children were so pleased and entertained by his mother-in-law's fun, why might not others be also? So he began to write down her jingles whenever he got a chance to do so, following her about the house and even asking for more as the children did.

One day Mr. Fleet laid before Mother Goose's amused and astonished eyes the first volume of the now famous book. How she laughed when she turned to the title-page and found pictured thereon a goose with its mouth wide open! It bore this title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for children, Printed by T. Fleet at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price, two coppers." Her historian tells us that for thirty-eight years she lived to add new rhymes to each new edition, and died in 1757 at the age of ninety-two, "her name a household word, dear to children, her memory blessed by mothers in many lands."—Our Companion.

The divine law is but the language of divine love.

It's no use paying for plush in the pews if you've got putty in the pulpit.

There fever was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the fraillest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.